inevitable consequence of this condition of things was that the forest had become a livelier place at the hour "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead" than the main street of the village itself at high noon; for it was pervaded by the trainbound residents of several neighboring hamlets, as well as by the journeying Thebans; and the former generally entered the wood without traversing Thebes at points nearest their respective abodes. It is perhaps supererogatory to state that no elves had ever been disturbed at their midnight revels in all this nocturnal traffic, which had now been continuous for a round dozen of years. But what most puzzled the octogenarian Smith was that no headless Spinney had been observed, sitting by the side of the stream or elsewhere. The octogenarian Smith was a person who—and this peculiarity was characteristic to a certain degree of all male Thebans—when once he got an idea in his head stoutly maintained that the idea was right, from the simple fact that it was in his head, and that all there was wrong about the matter was that people existed who doubted the truth of the idea that was in Smith's head.

AMONG THESE INCREDULOUS INDIVIDUALS

was a young lady of the name of Abigail Morton, the daughter of the well-to-do hardware merchant of Thebes, Andrew Morton, a widower of some 10 years' standing. Miss Abigail was conceded to be the finest English scholar at Thebes' Corners; this, of course, did not mean a great deal; but the fact was incontestable that the lady was well-taught, well-read, well-mannered, and would have been recognized as a woman of education and culture in any community. The name of the wood, which of itself Smith believed to be overwhelming evidence of the existence and subsequent murder of a man named Spinney, was explained, and satisfactorily enough, by Miss Morton, as the old English term "spinny," a small thicket with underwood, from the Latin *spina*, a thorn; whereby it was evident that the word "wood" was tautological. Her philology was accepted by the Thebans in general as being thoroughly excellent for dictionary imprisonment; but the freedom of the citizen demanded the ancient usage for its common service, and Spinney's Wood flourished, in popular parlance, like its own green bay trees.

Through Spinney's Wood, on the moonlit Autumn night just eulogized for its beauty, rattled the old omnibus, which twice in the 24 hours made the round trip between Thebes and Stockton. Its occupants were but two in number, both men, and though acquaintances, not friends. The older, a tall, well-preserved man, between 50 and 60 years old, had settled himself comfortably in the corner of the vehicle some time before its departure. He had been transacting business at Stockton all the afternoon and evening, and was anxious to get home to Thebes. The New York express was late from the West, however, and while awaiting its arrival the tired Theban fell into a doze, from which he was awakened by the salutation of "Good evening, Mr. Morton." The train was in, and had brought one passenger for Thebes. "Good evening, sir," returned Andrew Morton, in a tone so formal that it offered but a poor encouragement to further converse.

And further converse there was none. The elderly merchant closed his eyes resolutely, and uttered not a single sound during the whole trip through the forest. The younger man diverted himself by admiring the beauty of Luna's silvery sheen upon the still luxuriant vegetation of the spinny; by contemplating the inflexible features of his mute companion; and by thinking how great would be Andrew Morton's surprise, if he knew that a passionate love-letter from his daughter Abigail was in the pocket of him to whose civil greeting he had responded with such repressive coldness.

CHAPTER II.

It may be that in the good times—not the good old times, the good new times, when, as we are promised by prophets of an optimistic turn of mind, everything which now perplexes and disturbs humanity will be satisfactorily arranged—parents and children will always be in accord respecting that marvelous matter whose end and aim is matrimony. At present there is hardly anything more rare than that the elder members of a family should view applicants for hymeneal relationship in the same light that the younger persons regard them. Since the days of Shakspere, and probably long previously, the course of true love has ne'er run smooth. And why is this? Is it really because "fathers have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em"?

Decidedly more reasonable is it to suppose that the father of a beloved daughter is anxious that her future life should be passed under conditions at least as satisfactory as those which she has enjoyed since childhood. Ambitious parents hope for more than this. It is a well-known fact that to secure the advancement of their children parents have been known to deprive themselves almost of the necessaries of life. That great master of fiction, Balzac, treats of a case like this in his powerful novel "Father Goriot," where an aged parent is seen to die in poverty and neglect, though to the last uncomplaining, because by his pecuniary sacrifices he has secured social standing in Paris for his ungrateful daughters. Parental love is to the full as mysterious in its quality as is conjugal love. As with every other mortal passion, selfishness forms a component part of it. We love our children, not because they are children merely, for children abound on all sides; not because they are beautiful, accomplished, virtuous, for in these particulars they may be excelled by the children of our neighbor; no, we love them simply and solely because they are *our* children. Loving them we love ourselves, in the generation which rises, phenix-like, from the ashes of the dead past of our individual youth.

Was it with but a selfish love that the heart of Andrew Morton beat for his daughter Abigail? Well, the character of his affection need not be analyzed! Suffice it to say that the leading merchant of Thebes was ever spoken of as the best of fathers, and Abigail was conceded to be a daughter

WELL WORTHY ALL HIS GENEROSITY,

all his fondness. She was his only child. Her mother had died suddenly when Abigail was a girl of 15; but her father had only called the child home from school for the funeral, sending her back again at once, and entering her name for a more extended curriculum than before. She graduated at 17, the most brilliant scholar of her college.

Since then she had been mistress of her father's house. It did not occur to anyone's mind that the austere Mr. Morton might ever remarry. The feminine community of the village went in some awe of the frigid merchant whose conversation, save with a few intimates, was confined to a curt "good-day." They were right in the supposition that Andrew Morton cared nothing for them. He cared for no one but his daughter; desired no other companion, no other housekeeper than the quiet, ladylike, well-educated girl who, on the morning after his return from Stockton, sat opposite him at the breakfast table, listening to the details of his trip.

"Were there many passengers from the train?" inquired Abigail, drawing him a second cup of her fragrant coffee.

"No—only one man; and one, I must say, that I particularly dislike. Guess who?"

"Why, father," returned his daughter, with a smile, "if you had said it was one you liked I should have less difficulty in guessing, because they are numerically so much fewer. You dislike so many people, I might name half Thebes and Stockton, too, before I struck the right one."

"This was not a Thebes man nor a Stockton man," retorted her father, wiping his thin lips with his napkin. "It was a New York man—do you know whom I mean now?"

"There are a good many men in New York," said Abigail, evasively, and looking hard at her plate in order to escape her father's penetrating glance.

"Yes, but the number of them who honor Thebes' Corners with their presence is not overwhelming. However, there is no use our continuing the conversation at cross-purposes in this way; the man's not worth it. My fellow-passenger through Spinney's Wood was Mr. Willard Chapman."

A perceptible quiver passed through her frame, though Andrew Morton did not observe it. Joy because of Chapman's unexpected return, sorrow because of her father's avowed dislike of him, mingled their varying sensations so subtly that the physical result was pain, keen, though evanescent.

"I wonder what makes that individual," he laid a cutting emphasis on the word, "so frequent a visitor here. There must be some

PARTICULAR ATTRACTION FOR HIM IN THEBES."

"I understood," she replied, still carrying on the line of evasion, "that he was in the dry-goods business, traveling for a New York firm."

"Yes, so I was informed," he returned, dryly; "but it doesn't take two visits in six weeks to supply Thebes' Corners with dry-goods. However, it doesn't in the least matter. Mr. Willard Chapman's affairs are nothing to us, and never will be anything."

A distressing summary for a girl to listen to from the lips of her father concerning the man to whom she is engaged.

The chill of the coming Autumn-time was on them; a cold rain fell, dashing angrily against the panes.

"Where's my umbrella?" asked her father, as he donned his hat and a light overcoat in the hall. "Clara, bring me my umbrella."

At his call a young girl ran in from the kitchen, bringing with her the article in question, whereupon Mr. Morton took his umbrella and left the house.

After satisfying herself, by observation from the front parlor window, that Mr. Morton was completely out of earshot and well off along the street, the girl turned quickly, clasped her hands closely, and exclaimed, in a nervous tone of voice:

"My gracious, Miss Abby! ain't he down on Will Chapman?"

"Clara Romaine!" ejaculated Abigail Morton, "I told you once before not to use Mr. Chapman's first name, when speaking of him—especially as you have just used it."

"Why, he told you the last time he was here to call him 'Will,' and said I might too, if I wanted to."

"I see no reason why you should want to," replied Abigail, in a voice whose coldness recalled that of her father. "At any rate, whether you want to or not, I forbid it. Now go up stairs and get on with your work."

The girl whom she had called Clara Romaine obeyed her orders with a certain show of deference, which indicated her position as one of more dependence than that of the ordinary servant in America.

She was generally spoken of as a bound girl in the village, but the term, in the legal sense, was misapplied. The history of her birth was painful. Her father and mother had both been outlaws and outcasts. Over their lives of sin, their deaths of disgrace, let the friendly vail of oblivion be thrown. Mrs. Morton was moved to pity at sight of the helpless orphan of three years' old left by these

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS,

and had taken Clara to her own home, where for 15 years the girl had lived continuously, with the exception of such occasions as she had seen fit to absent herself on a disallowed visit to some one of the disreputable connections of her father and mother, whom she knew to be temporarily sojourning in the neighborhood. These little excursions were generally brought to a conclusion at the end of two or three days, when Clara was wont to return to the hospitable board of the Morton family half-starved, often with the best of her clothing taken from her, and once hampered by that severe, if transitory, drawback to the beauty of the human physiognomy—a black eye.

After Mrs. Morton's decease Clara's fate trembled in the balance of indecision. Andrew Morton rather disliked the child than otherwise, and would have been glad if he could have seen any honorable and not heartless way of ridding his home of her presence. But nothing offered. She was a handy little creature about the house. Abigail found her intimate knowledge of all the cupboards and crannies, the table and bed linen, the pickles and preserves, of great value in the ceaseless duties of housekeeping; and, although Mr. Morton had an obstinate habit of absolving the cat from the traditional breakage and attributing to the unfortunate Clara all the mishaps in that line which afflicted the family; although he avowed his intimate conviction that whether the girl might personally be good, bad or indifferent, her inherited tendencies would sooner or later assert themselves and lead her to the commission of crime, he yielded his wish to abandon her to his daughter's desire to protect her, and Clara Romaine stayed on.

CHAPTER III.

Modern iconoclasm is ceaselessly engaged in its work of destruction among our historic idols. The voice of the irreverent critic of our hapless day cries aloud that Shakspere was not the author of what we know as "Shakspere"; that William Tell was not down-trodden by the tyrant Gessler, and that he did not, as stated, shoot the apple lying on the brow of his son, for the conclusive reason that Tell had no son, never knew a man called Gessler, and never even saw a patriot named William Tell; or, to put the case without circumlocution, no William Tell ever existed to propagate sons, defy tyrants or win immortality as a "shootist." Recent progress in this unpleasant direction has brought the cynic to the door of Emerson, whose utterances, which we have been wont to regard as the highest expression of philosophy, are now derided as illogical in the extreme.

Believe this who will! The subject is too vast to be treated even in the most superficial manner at this place; but to refer to only one of Emerson's well-known *dicta*, do we not all know, of our own knowledge, derived from observation, that there is a law of compensation in force which preserves a certain equilibrium in Mortality's balance? Crœsus cannot deflect Death's arrow from the breast of his puny boy; while the baker's dozen of strapping lads belonging to "the Widow Macree" thrive apace to manhood and become citizens of importance, despite their early poverty. Long would be the catalog of similar antitheses, were one minded to compile it; but, as illustrative of the truth of the Emersonian contention, the respective positions of Abigail Morton and of Clara Romaine will sufficiently serve.

Abigail was the daughter of parents of the highest respectability, of education and of wealth. She was the heiress—no one dreamed of disputing that self-evident fact—of her father's estate. He supplied her with abundant pin-money, besides providing for her by far the most luxurious home in the place where they lived. The neat little sum of $5,000 which had come to Mrs. Morton as a legacy from a relative, had been transferred, by her request on her death-bed, to her daughter, and now stood subject to Abigail's order on the books of the Stockton National Bank. That the young lady was well educated, well-mannered and kind-hearted were facts patent to all; and equally patent to all was the unbending fact that Abigail was not a beauty; never had been; never could be.

She was a tall, thin girl while in her teens, and now when she had reached 25—at which age one's physique is apt to assume the proportions it is to maintain through life—her hight and spareness were what was first noticed about her. Next, one observed

THAT HER FACE WAS PLAIN,

almost ugly. Analysis showed a large mouth, with thin, pale lips, between which, however, a fine set of teeth were visible; a sallow complexion, though one not especially indicative of ill-health; and a highbridged nose—an inheritance from her father—which readers of facial traits knew to be the outward and visible sign of a resolute and upright spirit. Her hair was dark and not particularly abundant; and of a verity the only feature of her physiognomy which could lay any claim to charm were her eyes, which were large in their size, of a rich hazel in their color, and deeply soulful in their expression.

On the other hand, tricksy Nature had lavished her choicest gifts on the base born bond-maid, Clara Romaine. She was of a petite figure, every limb a model for a Venus-creating sculptor; and her face—was ever seen such a bewitching combination of blue eyes and gold hair, of peachy complexion and of dimpling chin? Inferior as was the girl's social position—and the spirit of caste holds sway in villages as well as in cities—it was tacitly conceded that Clara was the prettiest girl in Thebes. Perhaps Mr. Morton's original idea of sending her out in the world and letting her do for herself would have proved a kindness to her, after all. As a free agent, Clara would certainly have attracted to herself the admiration of many men, from whom no doubt she could have selected a desirable husband. Under her present circumstances she was not allowed the privilege of speaking to a man, much less of inviting one to pass an hour with her or an evening by the side of the kitchen fire. Mr. Morton went in mortal fear of her following in the footsteps of her unhappy mother, and gave strict orders to Abigail to the effect that any biped which appeared at the house with the avowed intention of beau-ing Clara, should be instantly, ignominiously and definitely expelled.

Never had the little creature looked more fascinating than on the afternoon following the altercation at the breakfast-table between Mr. Morton and his daughter. Her clothing was always of the finest quality, for the simple reason that Abigail's cast-off dresses cut down to splendid advantage for the shorter figure. Often disappointed in a gown herself, Abigail became aware how pretty it was only when she saw Clara rigged out in it. For instance, this delicate gray cashmere trimmed with self-colored velvet which Clara was wearing, and in which she looked fairly bewitching, with her brilliant complexion, her yellow hair, her ruby lips, her turquoise eyes—that had been a sad and costly mistake of Abigail's. A New York dressmaker had persuaded her to order it, and when she got it home and had spoiled the face of a one-hundred-dollar bill in paying for it, she found the delicate dove's-breast hue utterly unsuited to her sallow complexion, her colorless lips and pallid cheeks. After several unsuccessful efforts in New York to convince herself that her new Directoire gown was becoming, Abigail laid it away regretfully. At home, in the Spring overturning of house and wardrobe, she found the moths had domiciled themselves within its soft and abundant folds. Reluctantly, but with that fixed determination to make the best of everything which was a governing feature of her character, Abigail bestowed the pretty frock on Clara, who now for the first time indued herself with it, thereby making of herself a study in coloring which would have enraptured Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, or any other artist who loves to paint beautiful woman becomingly attired.

[*To be continued.*]

KING KALAKAUA.

An Unconventional Interview with the Sandwich Island Monarch.

Special Correspondence NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

KING KALAKAUA.

THE Government of the Sandwich Islands has developed from a crude independent tribal state by successive stages to the present liberal constitutional monarchy in about 92 years. David Kalakaua was elected King in 1874, to succeed William Charles Lunalilo, the last of the great dynasty of the Kamehamehas. Kalakaua was born in 1836, and is of pure Hawaiian blood, being besides connected with the Royal family through his mother. Queen Emma, now dead, who was a niece of Kamehameha I. His Queen is Kapiolani, but the heiress-apparent to the throne is the King's sister, Princess Liliuokolani.

Kalakaua began his reign with useful acts and benevolent resolves, and under his declared policy immigration was encouraged with good results. He entered into a great many enterprises for the improvement of his people and his country, but admitted to his confidence one Walter Gibson, and under the influence of this schemer many projects that would have been otherwise beneficial to the people were turned to the account of a clique in the island, and the enormous expenditures of public moneys began to cause great discontent among the tax-payers, who were by this time mostly whites, and, finally, in 1887 a bloodless revolution took place, headed by the Americans. A new Cabinet was formed, a new Constitution was adopted and the long-pending reciprocity treaty with the United States was signed, and since then the country has prospered and grown under the dominion of Kalakaua.

On the Island of Kauai is the country place of the King. Kauai lies between Niihau, the westernmost island, and Oahu. It is about 530 miles in area, and its climate is almost uniformly tropical, the soil being very fertile and abundantly watered. It is believed to be the oldest, as being first formed by the volcanic agency which has been transmitted eastward, forming each island in succession, until now it is to be observed only in Hawaii. Thither the King repairs after the adjournment of the Assembly and the Courts. One day I found myself at Hanalei, the only port of importance, on the north side. There I mounted a sturdy, sure-footed native pony, and set out over the island, passing through rich sugar plantations and green forests and along beautiful island streams. That night I partook of the hospitality of a young planter and his wife, who the next morning directed me to the residence of the King. I had never dropped in on a King before, but here was a good opportunity, and I determined to have an interview with the monarch if possible. A ride of 10 miles brought me to his Majesty's cottage, for cottage only it turned out to be—there was nothing palatial about it. A wide veranda covered with rushes fronted the building, and a grass-roofed arbor extended into the grounds surrounding it. I could see no one about the place, or any external evidences that the house was the residence of a King. No one came to usher me into the august presence, and not even a dog's bay broke the stillness.

I was a little at loss how to proceed, and waited some moments for someone to appear before attempting admittance, but it finally became clear that I should have to act as master of ceremonies myself, so I mounted the steps and knocked. After another lengthy wait, I rapped again, and soon the door was opened by a fine-looking native woman, rather handsome featured, and lighter in color than the women I had seen. I stated my name and said I had called to see his Majesty. She immediately put out her hand and gave me a cordial clasp, welcomed me very prettily, and volunteered the intelligence that she was Queen Kapiolani. As soon as I recovered from the shock of this unconventionality and absence of the expected impressiveness and splendor of royalty, I managed to express my pleasure and the honor I felt at meeting such a distinguished woman.

At this moment I became conscious of regular, loud, but in this case not wholly unmusical sounds, apparently proceeding from the depths of the inner room, which, however, I fully recognized when the Queen innocently remarked that the King was just then "taking his morning nap," but that it was near time for him to wake up, and that if I would wait until he did, she had no doubt he would be pleased to see me. I could scarcely repress my tendency to laugh. The situation had its ridiculous side, and such contact with royalty was rather novel. The royal purple in no instance betrayed itself. No palace was there, no obsequious flunkies, no audience-room, no throne, no ceremonies—nothing, indeed, to impress one with the fact that royalty was near, indeed so near that as the snores issued with increased volume through the doorway, I was obliged to vigorously resort to my handkerchief, to avert disaster.

However, until his mightiness should deign to rouse himself, I entered into a glib conversation with his consort. The little lady entertained me with impressions of her recent visit to the United States, and spoke in terms of high praise of the attention she received here, and I found her intelligent and well-informed on general topics. She was dressed simply in white linen, and, though dignified, was very gracious and easy in her manner. The Queen has no children, but she is much loved by her people for her unselfish interest in the poor and sick among them, to whom she devotes much time.

Our delightful chat was interrupted by a sudden stir in the little room, and the entrance of a figure, also dressed in white linen. The King stood before us. He is of portly, commanding form, with an intelligent, honest face, on which he wore a mustache and whiskers, and which lighted up with a cordial smile as he greeted me. I told him I was a tourist from the "States"; was much interested in his country and his people, and had considered it my duty to call and tender my respects to his Majesty. He received this very gracefully, and all three of us removed to the pleasant bamboo portico.

"I am always glad to see people from the United States," said the King, as we lighted our cigars. "I like to have them go through my country, and to instruct and enlighten my people. Anything new, any enterprise tending toward the development of our resources is always welcome. I well realize the importance of inventions and labor-saving machinery in this progressive age, and a great deal has been done, especially of late years, in the way of abolishing the old methods and appliances with which our work used to be done. I endeavor to keep well acquainted with new machines and processes whose use have proved successful and profitable in other countries, particularly in the United States."

"The capabilities of the country for varied production are being evidenced more and more each year, are they not?" I asked by way of drawing out the King.

"Yes; I am very proud of my country and my people. Our resources are very extensive. The great range of temperature at the different elevations and the variety of soil are conducive to the cultivation of the products of both northern and southern climates, and the raising of rice and sugar are our most profitable industries. Cattle raising is also one of our great pursuits. Of course our greatest trade is with your country, and then come Great Britain, China and Japan, Germany and France. I believe that for the size of our country we have no equal in commerce."

"Your sugar trade is enormous, I believe."

"I am particularly interested in sugar raising myself, and am now conducting some experiments here on my plantation. Our planters have been taught to study the economics of sugar production, and the diffusion process saves over 10 per cent. more than the old method. There is soil enough in the Kingdom to yield, under favorable circumstances, more than 100,000 tons of sugar annually."

"Education is compulsory, I understand."

"Our school system is being enlarged and otherwise improved each year," said Kalakaua. "We try to get the best books, and the law compels attendance of every child between the ages of 6 and 15 years, while the free Government schools are supported by a tax of $2 per head, which is levied one every male citizen between the ages of 20 and 60. Our children are willing and quick to learn, and have shown special aptitude in arithmetic, geometry and music."

Kalakaua went on to speak of his visit to this country some years ago. "Your country was almost incomprehensible to me in its extent and resources. Its railroads, steamships, huge factories, vast ranches and bustling cities all impressed me with their importance and their influence in making yours the greatest Nation in the world. My own little railroads and channel cables and telephone systems are dwarfed by the great stretches of wires and miles of rails that make a network through your country.

"I recall with pleasure my visit to your beautiful City of Washington, and my trip through the great stone buildings, and my reception by the President and his Cabinet. I like the American people for their treatment of strangers and their push and enterprise. I hope that the relations between my country and yours may always be of the most amicable sort."

All three of us conversed freely on other topics for some time, when the King turned, and clapping his hands, there appeared for the first time a servant, who came forward and received an order from the Monarch in the native language, and presently we were enjoying as delicious a beverage as I had tasted in a long time. I know there was something like old Bourbon in it, but what else it contained I cannot say. The King, the Queen and I offered mutual regards and good wishes for the power and influence of the Hawaiian Kingdom and the prosperity of the American Republic, and I rose reluctantly to leave. Kalakaua and his Queen shook hands with me, expressed appreciation of my visit, and waved their hands in farewell as I rode out of sight on descending a hill, and that was the last I saw of the King of the Sandwich Islands. J. N. INGRAM.

A Mean Husband's Revenge.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Mrs. De Pride (anxious that her daughter shall make a rich match)—I wonder why Mr. Richfellow doesn't come to see our daughter any more.

Mr. De Pride—I don't know. The last time he was here he borrowed my clock-work phonograph to have some music played into it. He brought it back to my office the next morning, saying that the musician was sick or something, and that's the last I've seen of him.

"Was the phonograph empty?"

"Um! now I think of it, I believe it did have in it your reception of me when I came home late the night before. Maybe he's changed his mind about marrying."

A New Burglar Alarm.

[*American Grocer.*]

Scene—Counting-room of the Antibustificate National Bank. Time: Night.

(Two clerks are discovered at work over their ledgers. Burglars are seen outside about to force an entrance).

First Clerk—I say, old fellow, let's quit here and go up and call on Miss Brown; you know where she lives, don't you?

Second Clerk—No, hanged if I do; look in the directory; her father is a mason, I believe.

First Clerk (examining directory)—Gosh! there's a lot of Brown's; I'll call off the occupations; sing out when I come to the right one (reads aloud), Janitor! Detective! Police! Police!

First Burglar (hastily gathering up tools)—We're off, pal; they're on to us.

Curtain.

If you were not a soldier, please call the attention of some soldier friend or his widow to the article headed LOST on page 14.

A Needed Invention.

[*New York Weekly.*]

First Jersey Youth (pointing to a street telescope man)—"By hooky! Look at that queer thing that feller is aimin. Wonder what it is?"

Second Jersey Youth—"Guess that's a 'skeeter gun.'"

TRIBUNETS.

THE FAITHFUL DOG AND THE TRAMP.

I.

Mrs. Bump: Now, Towser, take good care o' the house while I'm away, and chaw up any plaguey tramp who comes sneakin' around.

II.

Plaguey Tramp puts in an appearance: Much obliged to the woman of the house for tiein' up her dawg so's he wouldn't molest me while I'm goin' through the house.

III.

Towser makes a heroic effort to discharge his duty. Freedom at last, and the tramp on the run.

IV.

Appearance of things when Mrs. Bump returns.

THE ASTOR.

The papers say that since his father's death Wm. Waldorf Astor's cards read simply "Mr. Astor." He seems to have taken up the custom prevalent in Scotland and Ireland, where the head of a family or clan does not prefix any initials or Christian name to his family designation, but calls and writes himself "Chisholm," "McNab," "O'Donohoe," or whatever the family name may be, while his friends and acquaintances speak of him as "*The* Chisholm," "*The* McNab," "*The* O'Donohoe," as the case may be. The heads of the older clans esteem the "The" as a much more honorable designation than any title of Lord, Earl, Baron, etc., of recent creation. They expect to be spoken to simply as "Chisholm," "McNab," or "O'Donohoe." "Mister," "Mr. Chisholm" or "Mr. John Chisholm" is for the members of the family below the august head. It is related that while Sir Allan McNab was Governor-General of Canada, the head of his family, who was traveling through the country, made a call at the vice-regal residence, and left his card, inscribed "The McNab." When Sir Allan returned the call he wrote on his card: "The Other McNab."

SENECA, the philosopher, had a fortune of $13,000,000. Most anybody would be philosophical with half the money.

WHEN MAIDS DISAGREE.

An Interesting Dialog in my Lady's Chamber at the End of Which Three Maidens Go to Bed.

[*Munsey's Weekly.*]

Scene—My lady's chamber. Eunice, Helen, Rose and Lillian (sisters) recovering from the ball from which they have just returned. Small sister Tot dozing in crib.

Eunice—How handsome he is!

Helen—Who?

Eunice—Will Edgemore.

Helen—Indeed he is, and he danced with me twice.

Eunice—He took me to supper.

Rose—I sat out three numbers with him in the conservatory.

Lillian—I do not care to repeat what he said to me, but I must warn the rest of you not to feel too satisfied.

Eunice—Really! I am not worrying.

Helen—Nor I.

Rose—Nor I.

Lillian—We can't all have him, and I thought I might prevent your wasting valuable time.

Eunice—O, thank you.

Helen—I presume, Lillian, that you would intimate that he was really tender.

Lillian—Perhaps.

Rose—Did he kiss you? Don't blush.

Eunice—Possibly he was just interrupted in his proposal. How was it?

Lillian (demurely)—Never mind how it was until I am ready to tell you.

Eunice—Well, you don't frighten me a bit. I'll go into a pool of a pound of candy apiece as to which of us wins in this little race.

Lillian—I'll do it.

Rose—So will I.

Helen—And I.

Little Tot (discovered to be awake)—I hope you'll settle it soon. I'm candy hungry.

Voice of Brother Jack (from the stairs)—Say, girls, have you heard the news about Will Edgemore?

Chorus (excitedly)—No; what is it?

Brother Jack—He has just announced his engagement to Fan Darling.

(PAINFUL SILENCE.)

Little Tot—Girls, how are you going to decide that pool?

(CONTINUED SILENCE.)

Little Tot (brightly)—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask him which of you came nearest to getting him.

Chorus (emphatically)—Don't you ever dare to speak of it again.

Lillian—I wonder why he paid us so much attention to-night?

Voice of Brother Jack—We have a great joke on him. Fan has made him promise to dance only with wall flowers till they're married. Ha! ha!

(FURTHER SILENCE.)

Chorus—Let's go to bed.

(CURTAIN.)

If the article headed LOST on page 14 does not interest you, please hand it to some one who may be benefited.

Ex-Prisoners of War.

A large meeting of the Philadelphia Association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War was held March 22, with President David T. Davies in the chair. Communications from Washington, D. C., in regard to prisoners of war and per diem bills were read and fully discussed by the various comrades present. The following officers were re-elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, David T. Davies; Vice-President, Thomas Smith; Treasurer, Louis R. Fortescue; Secretary, Robert J. Bell. The following comrades were elected as Delegates to the National Encampment of Union Ex-Prisoners of War that will meet in Boston, Aug. 11, 12 and 13, 1890: Louis R. Fortescue; Robert J. Bell, D. F. Nichols, Joseph Griffiths, Thomas Smith and Geo. W. Payne. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one, all comrades present taking quite an interest in its work. The Treasurer, Comrade Fortescue, in presenting his report showed quite a balance on hand, and the Secretary also showed an increase of membership of 19 comrades, making a total of 177 comrades in good standing.

Provide for the future. How? Read about LOST on page 14.

Concert for Benefit of Soldiers' Home.

A grand concert was given last week, Monday night, in the hall of Encampment No. 1, U. V. L., Pittsburg, Pa., by the ladies of the G. A. R., for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home at Brookville. There was a fine musical entertainment. Among those who kindly volunteered their services were Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald, Miss Alice May Reed, Miss Hodkinson, Steubenville, O.; Miss Lulu Orcutt, Mrs. Dr. Miller, Prof. E. S. Weeden, Signor Gilli, Frank Ammon, Prof. Charles Harris, Prof. Leonard Wales, Col. John A. Danks, Col. John Snodgrass, Poco-a-Poco Orchestra and Mrs. Dr. Walters.

LOST. See page 14.

By Degrees.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Miss Pinkie—"I don't see how you keep your sailing canoe from tipping over."

Canoeist (modestly)—"I began with a bicycle."